Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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WHAT COURAGE AND CALMNESS OF MIND DID.

A GROUP of girls stood at the stage door of the Grand Opera House in Vienna, talking or exchanging words with the *employés* who passed in, keeping the while a sharp lookout for the manager. One of these chorus singers, a young and beautiful Italian girl, standing just within the extreme entrance, with her mantle wrapped round her throat, suddenly remarked:—

"We must do our best to-night, for the Emperor is coming."

"Is he? How do you know? Who told you, Anna Carolla?"

"One of the band," answered Anna Carolla, quietly. "Carl Rosenfeldt. There he comes with his violin."

With some others of the opera band there approached a tall, handsome young Hungarian, who paused to answer the girl's eager inquiry:

"Had he said the Emperor was coming?"

"Yes; the Imperial Guards have just passed by to take up their place at the grand entrance. The house will be crowded."

Then passing inside he stooped to whisper to Anna Carolla, with a smile in his deep blue eyes:

"Anna, I lead the violins to-night. Stendgal is ill."

She put her hand in his with the sweet, perfect trust of one who knows she is loved.

"I am sorry for him; but for you, Carl, my heart must be glad."

"Here they come together!" cried a girl outside—"the manager and chief of orchestre. Away!"

The new leader of the band hurried away as the chorus trooped in, and Anna Carolla followed them into their dressing-room. There she soon donned her dress, and slipped away to see the house filling, and above all to hear every note of the exquisite overture to Oberon.

How fast the place was filling from floor to gallery. The auditorium was one blaze of splendour, and as she gazed, the poor, friendless chorus singer, whose dramatic talent and splendid voice ought, if she had only the fortune to get the first lift, to place her high on the lyric stage, wondered sadly if such a chance would ever come to her; if not Carl's father would never consent to their marriage. And now the whole house rose as the Emperor entered his box, splendidly dressed, glittering with jewels of rarest value, which flashed a thousand rays as he bowed right and left with his usual courteous grace. Then the band struck up the overture, and with the last bar the curtain drew up.

Flitting here and there during the performance with eyes and ears for everything, the manager noticed the imperial visitor indicating to a gentleman beside him some one in the chorus. It was Anna Carolla, whose beauty had attracted his eye, and whose rich voice his ears had caught above and through all the others.

The first act went splendidly, and the second act soon commenced; but fate decreed that it should never be played out that night. Half-way through, as the manager, pleased and complacent, was quietly standing back in one of the wings, he suddenly felt his arm grasped, and turned sharply to see Anna Carolla's lovely face, so full of determination and character, at his side.

"Hush!" she said, very lowly and quietly; "make no exclamations, but go and see to it before it gains or is

discovered. The theatre is on fire somewhere back of the green room. The company can leave by the stage door. Go."

"But, child, if there is the least hint of alarm, look at that house. They will be crushed to death in their terror and crowding to get out."

"Listen," said the Italian, in the same calm self-contained manner. "Send the call boy to tell the door-keeper to order each one as they pass out to depart quickly. I will clear the house quietly."

"You do that?"

"Yes; here is the boy, send him, and clear out the company; I will do my part."

The manager blindly obeyed the strong will and steady purpose of the master mind of this girl, as people in emergency generally do, whatever their relative positions in the world.

Anna Carolla passed on to the stage, and advancing at once to the footlights, stood for one moment, her tall commanding form and beautiful head drawn erect, unflinchingly facing that crowd, meeting full even the astonished gaze of the Emperor himself, and the wondering look of her lover in the orchestra below her.

Then she said, in a voice not loud, but clear as a bell, with cool, steady authority in every measured accent:

"I am here by the manager's orders. Every person must leave this house at once, do it quietly but do it quickly. There are reasons for this order. Any one attempting to remain will be immediately arrested. The band will also retire at once."

Even as she spoke, her ear, painfully strung for the sound, could hear the warm hum of the flames from the back, but unmoved, she stepped back, swept a deep obeisance to the Emperor, and the curtain fell.

The Emperor immediately left the box, whispering to the gentlemen to whom he had before pointed out Anna Carolla:

"There is something behind all this. Send Colonel Bergmann round to summon the manager to our carriage door."

Meanwhile, the vast crowd filtered rapidly, in quiet order and in safety, out, only learning at the door, as they were hurried away, the awful death by fire or crushing from which the brave and quick-witted girl had saved them. The last few to leave the auditorium smelt the fire and heard the crackling of flames, and hurried wildly, spreading the alarm. But the terrible cry of fire came too late to do mischief, and once outside, the police and soldiery under the cool directions of the Emperor himself, kept order. And though the flames mounted at first, Anna's timely discovery and the energetic measures taken forced the fire under. In less than an hour and a-half it was completely drenched out, and the mutilated opera house left in charge of the police.

Then, and not till then, did the Emperor dismount from the horse he had used and return to his carriage. As he did so, he paused suddenly.

"Bergmann, see! there goes that Italian girl, herself, leaning on the arm of the young fellow who led the band so splendidly to-night. Go see who and what they are."

Colonel Bergmann departed to obey the order, and the Emperor drove off.

The next day the whole story was in the Government organ, with an intimation, "inspired," of course, from that quarter, that His Imperial Majesty had graciously caused inquiries to be made about the young chorus-singer.

A few days later old Herr Rosenfeldt received an official information that his gifted son Carl, and his *fiancée*, Anna Carolla, were both under Imperial protection, and their marriage was desired to take place as immediately as possible, the Emperor dowering the bride. The manager also received intimation through Colonel Bergmann, that his late chorus-singer was to be brought forward and advertised for the reopening of the opera as Madame Carolla-Rosenfeldt.

Once more the *élite* of gay Vienna crowded the Opera House to witness the *début* of the new singer as Agatta in "Der Freischutz."

The moment she came on she was received with a *furore* which might

well make Carl Rosenfeldt proud of his beautiful young wife; and if for royalty was her grateful glance and sweeping salute, for him was the smile in the soft, dark eyes that met his for one second.

When the curtain fell the new star was called for, and showered with bouquets from many a distinguished hand, but from the Imperial box was flung one in which lay nestled a costly bracelet, in the centre of which blazed a diamond of rare value and beauty.

"That fire has made our fortune, Carl," his young wife said, smiling, as they drove home.

"Nay, Anna, your own calmness, courage, and quickness," answered Carl Rosenfeldt. "That was a diamond rarer than the Imperial gift."

And he was right.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A PRETTY story is told in St. Petersburg. A Government functionary living in the outskirts of the capital died a few days ago in utter destitution, leaving behind him motherless, and without friends or relations, two little children, one a boy of seven, and the other a girl of three. Left in the house alone, without money or food, the boy did not know what to do to get bread for his sister. At last, urged by the little one's tears, he wrote on a piece of paper, "Please, God, send me three copecks (a penny) to buy my little sister a roll," and went to the nearest church to slip it into an alms-box, believing in his simplicity that the prayer would reach heaven through this medium. A priest passing by observed the child on tiptoe trying to thrust the paper in, and taking the paper from him read the message. Returning home with the child, he took the little ones to his house and gave them the food and clothing they so much needed. The following Sunday he preached a sermon on charity, in which he referred to the incident, and afterwards went round the church with a plate. When the offerings were counted it was found that the congregation had given nearly £200.

THE LOST BABIES.

COME, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on the book,
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look.
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the air was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night;
Jack, you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar at his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be your own little Jack.

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three.
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the county
Chose your baby for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming,
And the form reclining there—
Would you think that brilliant lady
Could be your own little Clare?

Then at last, a blue-eyed youngster—
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother!
Ah! I see your trembling lip!
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand?

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
What are we to these great people,
Stately men and women grown?
Seldom do we ever see them;
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
As we sit here in the firelight,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us:
They'll stop long enough some day
Just to lay us in the churchyard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

HE DIED FOR SINNERS.

I FEAR that the usual effort in describing this terrible event, as it was wrought out by cruel soldiers and crafty priests, in the presence of thousands and the broad light of day, is to strip from it every association of real life. Men connect with it every figure which can be found in old poetry, or in the Jewish ritual, of sacrifice, of sin-offering, or of blood. It seems as if the object were that the whole should be unreal to thought; looked upon as an amazement which we cannot grasp at all; somewhat as we look on the Almighty's act, when, in the impenetrable mysteries of chaos, he said, "Let there be light; and there was light." So common has this been that perhaps the most frequent wish expressed by eager Christians is, that they could only come to the gospels as to a perfectly new narrative, and read and feel as an intelligent East Indian reads and feels when he first acquaints himself with a Christian record; as the Roman Valerius is said to have felt when in a series of adventures the roll of Luke's Gospel came into his hands. Secret in his room he sat down, read it through from the beginning to this exciting closing scene, and, wild with sympathy, contrition, and yet hope, threw it down persuaded to be a Christian. A perfectly natural desire. If it could be gratified more often, we should see that those Hebrew figures about sacrifice and blood, drawn from a ritual which we do not understand, rather confuse us than illustrate the subject. Yes, and we should even thank, in the end, this stern simplicity of Matthew and John, Luke and Mark, who tell their tale as they might have told it were Judas *indeed* a malefactor; without one word of expressed sympathy, without making, in one wasted epithet, one demand upon the reader's indignation, sure that it will rise unasked for as he reads.

If we were to select a single view from the infinite results of Jesus' death, perhaps that named by Paul is worth most to us. "Peradventure for a good man one would dare to die," he says—Recollecting, I think, a passage of Cicero which would be familiar to the Church at Rome, to which he writes—"But Christ died for us while we were yet sinners." Let me ask you before we pass on, to connect these words with our story. Trace Jesus' resolute march down to Jerusalem. Any moment of it he could have turned off either into village home, or into desert freedom, and been safe in insignificance if he would be silent. Neither the priests in the city nor Herod in the country wanted to bring on this issue. They were not on his track. They were only praying that he would not come to the feast. So that here is the real picture: A young man, as they thought him, whom God has sent with his Word to the world, is yet perfectly free whether to announce it or no. God has not made him a slave. It is his own willingness only which gives to the Word its value. And he is willing. He announces it to one, and another, and another. He will save the world by it. He will make God's kingdom come! But they care nothing for God's kingdom; they care nothing for his *Word*. One hears and wonders; and another one hears and laughs; and another hears and forgets; and another hears and threatens. The few around his person understand him as little as those who turn away. He is saving a world which does not wish to be saved. He brings life to a world which says it is satisfied to die. He brings light to blind men, and they tell him that they see. They all say so; James and John join with Caiaphas and Judas in the idea that it is all idle for him to be offering God's empire in the way he does to a world which wants another empire and other gifts when it wants any at all! Look at motive, then, as we are apt to look at it. He is praying that they may receive what they do not take when it is at their hands. He is resolved that they shall be saved, when they do not care for his salvation. At such times men say—unless they have his life in theirs—"Go your own way, then; I had salvation for you, but you have thrown it away. Go your way, and I go mine." Here is love unreturned; lessons unheard; gifts unrequited. And still he goes on. Days pass along, any moment of which he might stop and turn away.

The Sunday of triumphant palm-entry into Jerusalem; or Monday and Tuesday, days of contest in the temple; or the day when they sat and looked down upon its grandeur—all were long days, dragging slowly along to this crucifixion-day, which still was not inevitable. It was only for him to say to these careless enemies of his, "Your blood be on your own heads," and to turn back. It was only for him to accept some day the weak solicitations of Thomas and Peter and the rest, who begged him not to expose himself to such shame and agony, and shame and agony and death might have been saved. Even at the last, when Pilate asked him, "Art thou a king, then?" it was only for him to confess that he was a king without a single subject, as at that instant he was, and Pilate would have relented. To himself there would have been the consciousness that no human being valued the prize he was giving to them; that he flung his bread upon the darkest waters. Motive, as mere men count motive, he had none; not even the highest wish to satisfy men's affection would lead him to that torture; for all those who loved him best were eager, were in agonised prayer to him that he would turn away!

If he had turned away! O God! we make light enough of the blessing that cruel day brought to us; but if it had not been, if he had turned away, flinched, or without suffering left the world to itself, as it was begging, and imploring, and commanding him to leave it! How much longer would its darkness have upheld itself from ruin? How much longer before its wretched feuds had destroyed its races, or before its wretched lusts made brutes and idiots of the men who followed them? Is there anywhere in all the ribaldry of infidelity; in all the hardness of criticism; in all the coldest wire-drawn cant of a mechanical philosophy—has anyone ventured on the picture of what this day the world would have been, if that day Christ had not died for us sinners?

E. E. HALE.

IT is not the fact that a man has riches which keeps him from the kingdom of heaven, but the fact that riches have him.

THE CASE ALTERED.

IT matters somewhat whether a young lady's uncle is a millionaire or a missionary, if her lover's honesty is in question. A German officer, who was suffering from wounds received during the war with France, was recently sent to a village in the Swiss Canton of Vaud to recruit his strength. There he made the acquaintance of a young lady, whose parents resided in the same village, and the couple became engaged. Owing to the mildness of the climate the hero soon regained his health, and before long an order arrived from headquarters desiring him to report himself within a week at Berlin. At first his letters were filled with protestations of the enduring nature of his love, but gradually, as time wore on, they became less frequent and much colder in tone.

Six weeks had elapsed since he had last written, when, instead of a letter full of reproaches, the lieutenant received a telegram from his dear Marie.

"Dear Fritz,—I have just received a letter informing me that my uncle, who was a millionaire at Frankbar, in the East Indies, is dead, and I am his sole heiress."

The lieutenant lost no time. He set out for the village. The young lady was overwhelmed with joy on seeing her lover once more, but reproached him for his long silence.

"Don't let us talk of it, dear Marie," he replied; "there is now no obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objections of my parents to our marriage, for a fortune so great, so colossal—"

At these words, Marie, taking his hand, said:—

"Fritz, do not make fun of me."

The lover drew out of his pocket the telegram, asking whether she had not written the words, "My uncle has just died a millionaire at Frankbar."

Utterly astounded, Marie dropped his hand, and her eyes filling with tears, exclaimed:—

"Dear Fritz, there is a mistake in the telegram. What I wrote was—"My uncle has just died—a missionaire in the East Indies, and the amount he has left me is 196 francs 45 centimes."

"I WISH HE HAD LIVED."

THE other day when a burly big driver of a coal cart backed his vehicle up to the alley gate of an old house, to dump out half a ton of coal, some children came out of the side door, and the driver beckoned them and said:

"Last time I was here one of the wheels crushed a bit of a dog belonging to one of you. I heard a great crying out, but I can't be stopping to look out for dogs on the street."

The children made no reply, but as they watched him unload the cart they wondered if he had little children of his own, and if he ever spoke kindly to them. He may have felt the burden of their thoughts, for suddenly he looked up and said:

"Well, I own I'm a bit sorry, and so as I knew I was coming up, I brought along an orange to give to the child who owned the dog. Which of you is it?"

"The dog belonged to little lame Billy, in that house there," answered a girl. "It was all he ever had, and when you killed it he cried himself almost to death. He didn't never have any plaything but that little dog."

"And will you take him this orange?"

"I can't, sir, cos he's dead, and they're coming to take him to the graveyard."

The driver looked up and down, seemed to ponder the matter, and then he crossed to the other house. The little coffin and its burden was in the front room, and two or three old women were wiping away their tears and talking in low tones. The driver put his hand on the coffin and said:

"I didn't know it was his dog—I didn't know he was lame and sick. God forgive me if I made sorrow for him!"

The vehicle sent to convey the body to the cemetery drove up at that moment, and the burly big man continued:

"If he was alive I'd buy him anything he could ask. I can do nothing now but carry him softly out."

He gently took up the coffin in his stout arms and carried it out, his eyes moist and his lips quivering, and when he had placed it in the vehicle he looked up at the driver in a beseeching way, and whispered:

"Drive slow; drive slow! He was a poor little lame boy!"

The driver wondered, but he moved away slowly, and the coal cartman stood in the centre of the street, and anxiously watched till he was off the cobblestones. Then as he turned to his own vehicle, he said:

"I didn't mean to, but I wish he had lived to forgive me!"

BABY 'S DEAD.

JUST a whisper from the skies,
In the hush of midnight dreary,
Clasped with peace the aching eyes,
Bore their little sufferer weary
Home, to rest in Heaven's sweet morrow
While far round our footsteps spread
Depths of wild unwavering sorrow;
Baby's dead!

Still around the brow so fair
More than earthly beauty lingers;
Gently smooth the falling hair,
Fold the tiny frozen fingers;
Twine the curls so proudly tended,
In a halo round the head;
Pride and hope alike are ended,
Baby's dead!

Lonely to the hopeless tomb
Darling child! how shall we yield thee?
From its drear, corroding gloom
Love would freely die to shield thee.
Can we bear that dust should gather
Round our darling's golden head?
Spare the bitter cup, O Father,
Baby's dead!

Dead! and light is quenched in tears,
Hopes that blossomed but to wither;
Sunny dreams of after years
Lost in death's cold stream for ever.
Sun and moon and stars are smitten
With despair's dark night o'erspread;
Round the universe is written,
Baby's dead!

Darling, from your slumbers deep,
Mother calls—will you not waken?
In that lone mysterious sleep,
Do you dream of hearts forsaken?
Safe where joys ne'er droop nor languish,
Are you watching overhead?
Oh the passion and the anguish,
Baby's dead!

Peace, at last, may hush the strife,
Where no mists of parting sever,
We may greet thee crowned with life,
Clasp thee to our love for ever.
But to-night, bereft and lonely,
Yearn we for our treasure fled,
While weird echoes answer only,
Baby's dead!

OUR HELP.

By Mrs. Mary E. Butters.

"Well, if I was keeping house, Mrs. B., I would work with my servant until the work was done, and I don't see how you can give up the care of your house to a girl!"

"One reason is, Miss L., that when I have help I am obliged to give it up to them altogether, and glad and thankful am I to do so, if only for a few days; and how nice it does seem to sit down for a good rest, when I can pull out some little odd bits of sewing, or overhaul the old books and magazines, take a peep here and there, with 'occasional' hours for dreams, building 'air-castles,' and rambling happily, as when a girl, in the bright sunshine, where simple and beautiful nature teaches us so many lessons of love, patience, and faith in the divine Architect of all. No, I would not confine myself in the kitchen, and worry over the stews that Bridget takes so much pride in, while she is often not intellectual enough to take the least interest in those things that are the very life of my soul. So why should I sacrifice all these pleasures, and do what she is paid to do well, simply because I am afraid to throw away a cold potato or a crust of bread?"

"Well, I couldn't do so. I would want to see to my work! There isn't one girl in a hundred you can trust to carry it on alone; and besides, I think it is too much for a girl to do for the low wages she usually gets, and if I was keeping house I should see to my work, and see that nothing was wasted!"

"Miss L., all I have to say is, I wish some old bachelor would set you up in housekeeping, so that you might have a good chance to learn your part, but I want to tell you, and you'll find it so if you try it, that the way to make help reliable is to let them do the work, and not be poking into everything, and annoying them by your too frequent presence. For, if you once commence doing so, even the best girl will begin little by little to shirk. Nor do I blame them much, for if conscious of their capabilities, as of course they must be, and they see that the mistress does not trust them, they wisely come to the conclusion, 'She can do it if she wants to,' but pocket the money all the same.

"If a girl is incompetent you will soon find it out if you know anything about work yourself, as you should if you wish to criticise. If a tractable girl you can teach her, but teaching our help is all wrong. We are imposed upon too much and too often with a sort of help which is simply no help at all! Every mother, of daughters especially, should be a good housekeeper. If she be a poor woman she should be all the more a good educator of her girls, that, if obliged to labour away from home, they may be better fitted to command good wages. On the contrary, it is often the case that these poor, tired, overworked mothers shove off their girls untutored, to shift for themselves, and to learn from other sources the very groundwork of good housekeeping, which they should have been taught at home. They should know how to make good bread, to cook potatoes in different ways, to broil a steak nicely, along with many other things. These accomplishments, with a little care, forethought, and, it must be confessed, some patience, go to help a girl along vastly toward securing a good situation, and in the end, giving satisfaction to her employer as well as herself.

"How provoking to even the benevolent-minded woman is the help that comes tolerably well recommended, because 'her mother is a fair housekeeper,' and so the lady takes her at moderate wages—being obliged, as she reasons, to economise in this way, but with all the worrying over a hot stove morning and noon she knows she is giving her strength, instead of keeping what was left and recruit afresh her wasted energies; and just so long as the women will educate and train the girls forced to their notice as 'help,' just so long we shall have no better.

"Sometimes it happens the girl can teach her mistress—that has been the case of young housekeepers, whose mothers were 'piano' wise and 'pound

foolish.' But there seems to be a new era dawning upon us, thanks to the 'Plucky Housewives,' and the daughter of the coming generation shall be known as the accomplished housewife; neither will she be stepping down from her lovely domestic pedestal, but she will be helping lift up from below her down-trodden sisters, and they shall then take pride in the calling which they are from necessity obliged to follow for a livelihood."

"This may be so, Mrs. B., but I have my opinion about hired help, and I know some excellent housekeepers who always work with their girls, and see that everything is done just as they want it."

"Yes, and I happen to know one of the ladies you refer to, no doubt; who lies abed the most of the afternoon, after seeing to the girl all the morning. To be plain, she is seldom in a plight to see callers, and is so irritable from nervous exhaustion and being worried with help she *thinks* she cannot trust, that nobody takes much pleasure in her society anyway."

"Well, you know as well as I how particular her husband is; and I don't blame him either. What does a man want of a wife that has no interest in anything in the house, and doesn't care how the work is done; or, at most, does not seem to care."

"Yes, I know he is very exacting, but he is always willing to keep help, and, I think, pays the usual price; and I am confident there is no need whatever of Mrs. W——'s spending so much precious time in the kitchen when she might just as well be otherwise and more usefully employed in some other direction—a duty she owes herself as well as the help, whom she would be by this means teaching to become more self-reliant. Of course there must be little over-night conferences and plans for the next day, and if a girl has any sort of memory she will not disturb your sweetest nap by asking the next morning, 'What shall I get for breakfast?'

"I remember being very ill one time, in want of help, and obliged to accept the first (and a stupid one) that came to notice. In the evening I talked over with her as well as I could about what the breakfast should be as follows: There was some cold meat and potatoes left from dinner. I advised her to make a nice hash, and charged her not to stir it too much, but to cover it and let it steam. Then there was to be toast and coffee. My room was near the kitchen. In the morning I was disturbed by a monotonous, stirring sound—stir, stir, stirring! No pleasant odour of Java floated into my sleeping apartment to lull me away again in pleasant dreams, or soothed my weary brain—no light, tripping footfall sounded its music to my ears, but the everlasting process of stirring, until suddenly, thumpety-te-thump on the door, and I asked, 'What's wanted?' 'What shall I get for breakfast?' 'Get hash; isn't it most done?' 'Yas,' and summoning the landlord, for it was in a hotel, he very gallantly got up the breakfast, discharged the poor, incompetent girl, and before night had secured a better one.

"I must add that I sincerely pity all such, sent out in the world so ignorant, not knowing what is required of them, nor how it should be done even when informed what is wanted of them.

"And now I come to the all important subject as to who should be the educators of this class of persons—'our help.' First of all—mothers. But there is a large proportion, who, unfortunately, have no mother—not even a guardian, or a home! O, what a sad phrase that is—no home! Might there not be institutions founded, homes to keep and kind matrons to teach, love, protect, and cherish those poor, I had almost said, outcasts of society; to lift them up, and with them the calling which should be the *ultima thule* of a woman's life? I have heard that such institutions are being in successful operation in some distant towns. And it appears that some of our young ladies are taking it into their heads to 'queen it' in the kitchen. Keep on, good girls! Biddy will not complain. Your sweet smiles and lady-like ways will help her amazingly in the crooked jaggery of this life. Heaven will smile upon you; your husband, when you have one, will call you blessed."

OUR RIGHTEOUSNESSES AS FILTHY RAGS."

By A. A. Livermore.

This sentence, from Isaiah lxiv. 6, is ten quoted to disparage good works, good life, and morality in general, as no avail towards man's salvation, d worthless in the sight of God. It charged that he who thinks he is cepted by God for his own righteous-ss, and does not seek to be clothed on by the vicarious robe of Christ's ghteousness, is dressed in no better an "filthy rags."

1. But the general tenor of the Bible rtainly does not undervalue righteous-ss, if it is genuine—if it is real ghteousness, not a counterfeit. Early was said to man, "If thou doest well alt thou not be accepted." Noah was preacher of righteousness. The salmist took up the refrain, "trust in e Lord and do good, so shalt thou vell in the land, and verily thou shalt fed." And it was an apostle who eclared, "In every nation he that areth Him and worketh righteousness accepted with Him." The founda-on doctrine of the whole revelation is at righteousness is salvation. But it ust be true righteousness, not a sham show. It must spring from deep inciples, and it must work to prac-al and useful results, else it is a ockery of the noblest of virtues.

2. We find by turning to the passage question and the connected verses at there is nothing there which is in-nsistent with the general tenor of the ible doctrine of the excellence and essing of genuine righteousness. For was not at all real goodness, true od works which the indignant pro-et stigmatised as "filthy rags," but remonial righteousness, outside holi-ss, making clean the outside of the atter, while within it was full of all ncleanness; tithing, as Jesus said, int, anise, and cummin, and omitting e weightier matters of the law, stice, judgment and the love of God. s the prophet said, Isaiah lxiv. 6, 7, v. 4, 5, 7, it was their iniquities like e wind that had taken them away; was desertion of Jehovah, their sacri-es to heathen gods, their gross rites, their spiritual pride, and in one word, their notorious unrighteousness which was their destruction.

The righteousnesses which were filthy rags were the cruel and licentious rites of heathen idolatry, the practice of polytheism, and among the worshippers of Jehovah, they were the careful observance of rites and ceremonies; while they wronged the widow and orphan, did evil and not good, gave way to mammon and fraud instead of doing right to God and all mankind. How fatal the mistake, therefore, to seize this phrase as a missile to throw at those who are trying to lead a truly holy and righteous life, to fear God and to keep His commandments, and to do good to all men as our brethren in sincerity and truth.

3. Finally, *the object of the Bible*, of Christ, and his life and death, is not in any wise to do away with this absolute necessity of righteousness for man's salvation, or to nullify the law that personal goodness, if true and genuine, is salvation, but the meaning of all those divine means is to help man on all the more surely and successfully in that self-same road of a true and righteous life. No righteousness of Christ is imputed to us except so far as by faith and imitation we make it our own, and incorporate it by assimilation into our own characters. Hapless he who tries to appropriate what he does not make his own lawfully, and to steal into heaven by virtues and graces which he does not love and never copied. God forbid that we pick up this stone which Isaiah meant to fling at the sinners of his time, at idolators, at moral offenders, violaters of the law of God, sham and Pharisaic religionists who did their good deeds, or those reported as such, out of pretence and not out of reality, and cast it at the sincerely good.

God forbid that in our spiritual engineering we should think to lay out any royal road to heaven, shorter or surer than that same old, old one of both testimonies of doing right and doing good, of loving God and keeping His commandments, of living the truest and best we can, and asking God in His infinite mercy to forgive us wherein we fall short of the shining standard of

Christ. Righteousness is salvation. Even a little of it, seen afar off, and humbly followed, begins to change a man from a grovelling beast of the earth into an angel of heaven.

A SNAKE STORY.

We once heard a part of a very touching letter from a young English mother who had been compelled to leave one of our villages, with her husband, to seek a living in a foreign land. The part of the letter we have never forgotten was that about snakes. Sitting alone one morning at breakfast, she felt something about her foot, looked down, and one of those great creatures was coiling itself about her. She had heard that silence was the best defence; she closed her eyes in perfect terror, and put her trust in God, that He would save her. She was saved. But we shall never forget the thrill with which we listened to her story. Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., wrote in the *Fountain* the other week the following experience of his own, which reminded us of the escape of the village lassie whom we knew.

"The first feeling of the new comer to India is that the whole country teems with snakes. Now, though the name of reptiles in our Eastern possessions is legion, yet it is wonderful after all how few one really sees. Of course, in the rainy season the poor snake is driven out of his hole by a sudden flood of water, and therefore naturally seeks a good dry shelter in your bungalow; or, if your curiosity leads you to make researches in old ruins, or on the marshy margins of 'jelous' and 'jheels' (tanks and swamps), you must expect to come across a good number of snakes of all kinds, whose retiring disposition and a desire for refreshing coolness lead them to choose spots far from those locations frequented by their enemy, man. That there are many cases of death by snake bite in the various presidencies and provinces of India is undeniable, but in most cases the victims are natives, and when one considers that in their own hovels they entirely dispense with shoes, and that their drapery is often of the scantiest, this is hardly to be wondered at. Sometimes, however, a snake claims an unpleasantly close acquaintance with you, and insists upon thrusting his company upon you in a most undesirable manner, but yet, after all, a visit of this kind *may* have its advantages, as the following story will show:—Some years ago, long before the 'iron horse' was an acknowledged fact in the East, I had occasion to make the journey from Wassind to Mhow. It was the rainy season, and travelling was most unpleasant, but necessity knows no law, so with some grumbling I packed myself into a 'gharry,' which, for the sake of the uninitiated, I may describe as a sort of two-wheeled omnibus drawn by bullocks, and started on my toilsome journey. And a toilsome journey it proved to be, and by the time I got to Egutpoora, at the top of the Ghauts, what with damp, bad bullocks, slow travelling and general want of rest, I was so feverish and done up that I felt I must have a good night's rest, though the delay might prove most injurious to the important business on which I was travelling. I accordingly quitted my gharry at the Egutpoora Dâk Bungalow, and calling the Khansamah in charge, prepared to spend the night there. Dâk Bungalows have often been described, and that at Egutpoora was not different from the rest of them. My apartments consisted of a high white-washed room, with the inevitable punkah slung from the ceiling, two ricketty chairs, a shaky table, and a 'charpoy' or bedstead; there was a very dirty blue and white carpet on the floor, and a narrow door led into the bath-room attached to each apartment. Do not run away with the idea that a bath-room in India resembles 'the well-fitted bath-room with hot and cold water laid on' that one hears of at home. In India the bath-room is simply a small closet with a flooring of hard cement, and the fittings consist of four or five large earthen pots full of water, and a hole in the wall for the water to escape through. To my inquiries for dinner, the Khansamah, as usual, told me that I could have anything I liked, which cross-examination, as it always does, turned out to mean a fowl, and shortly afterwards I heard the doomed biped being chased about the premises

the whole strength of the establish-
it, preparatory to its being converted
cutlets for my evening meal. I
deadly tired, and whilst my dinner
being prepared, was glad enough
ie down and be free for a short time
n the rumbling and creaking of the
icle in which I had been so long
risoned. My bearer, who was
nging my boxes, proceeded to enter-
n me with the news he had gleaned
m the Khansamah of the Bungalow,
this was of the scantiest kind, the
ef item being the daring and impu-
ce of the Bheels, a tribe who live
nly by plunder in all its various
nches, and who had lately been more
n usually audacious in their exploits.
istened to his chatter with a sort of
amy indifference, for the sense of
t that was stealing over me was too
uisite to be lightly disturbed by
h trivial matters, and even when
ner was announced I hardly felt in-
ed to rise and partake of it, and
en I did I was sorry I had done so,
like most Dâk Bungalow meals, it
s curiously nasty. However, a
tle of beer, a glass of brandy-pâna,
d a cheroot made me feel a little
ter; but as I had determined to
ve a good night's rest, I speedily
pared for bed, and in a few minutes
re was fast asleep. I do not know
w long I slept, but this I *do* know,
t my dreams were most uneasy,
leous objects seemed to pass before
eyes, I was continually in the most
ngerous and appalling situations,
irs that I endeavoured to ascend
med to crumble beneath my feet,
l in short, I went through all the
st terrible phases of the nightmare,
t above everything, I seemed to feel
pressure upon my breast, a cold
mmy weight that appeared to stifle
, and to be crushing out my very
stence. With a start at last I awoke,
t the instinct which prompted me at
ce to spring from my bed was checked
a sight of horror which was plainly
ible to me by the faint light of the
lamp which burnt in a far corner of
room. Rising from a mass of coils
n my chest was the flat head and
aming eyes of a snake, whilst its
ivering tongue vibrated within a few
inches of my face. I saw at a glimpse what had occurred, the snake had crept into the bath-room through the aperture by which the water escaped, then finding the door open it had penetrated into my bed-room, and had crept into my bed for the sake of the warmth. My sudden movement on awaking had no doubt disturbed the reptile, for the eyes gleamed angrily, the quivering of the tongue became more and more rapid, and a faint sibilation jarred upon my ears like a death knell. As an addition to my terrible position, I perceived a kind of hood round the snake's head gradually expand, and I knew that my terrible visitor was a cobra, a snake whose bite was inevitably fatal, usually in the course of twelve hours. Presently my immovable attitude seemed to calm the creature's angry temper, the tongue grew quieter, the hissing ceased, the cruel glitter in the eyes died out, and the hood almost disappeared from view. My hair bristled, and the cold drops of perspiration stood on my forehead, yet I dared not move hand or foot, nor even utter a cry. The slightest movement upon my part would, I felt, surely cause those envenomed fangs to be driven into my flesh, and then I knew no human aid could save me. My only chance was, that towards morning the snake would leave his warm bed, and seek some place of retirement during the light of day, but a movement upon my part, even the entrance of a person into the room, might precipitate matters, and doom me to certain and inevitable death. For more than two hours I lay upon my bed of agony, whilst my terrible visitor slept peacefully, but I knew that any movement upon my part would wake him, and then the end was certain. Meanwhile, the weight of the reptile upon my chest became nearly insupportable, and the acrid odour that emanated from it filled me with a feeling of loathing which I could hardly control. Nature could endure it no longer, my overtasked senses gave way, and a swoon providentially prevented my intellect from sinking under this terrible ordeal. From this state of insensibility I was aroused by feeling a cold wind blowing upon my brow; for

a moment I hoped the snake was moving, but there he lay, in the same position as before. At that instant, however, my eye was attracted by a diminutive human figure, stooping over one of my portmanteaus. The mystery of the rush of fresh air was explained; someone had made their way into my room for the purpose of robbing me. As I gazed my human visitant rose from his stooping position and came towards my bed; by the nude form glistening with oil, and the glittering knife held between the teeth, I recognised the intruder as one of the predatory tribe of Bheels, who, entirely divested of clothes, and thickly smeared from head to foot with oil, frequently commit midnight robberies, it being impossible, owing to these precautions, to grasp or retain them. I could see that the Bheel's eye had been attracted by the rich silk 'rezai' (quilt), which covered my bed, and that he had determined to make it his prize. Very gently he laid hold of it and drew it towards him, but was evidently surprised at the unexpected weight. I, meanwhile, lay in the greatest mental agony, for it was most likely that the snake, in its anger at being disturbed, would vent its rage on me. Determined, however, in carrying off his booty, the robber let go the end of the quilt, and moving up to the head of the bed, placed his hand upon the very body of the cobra. Quickly as he withdrew it the reptile was aroused and with a sharp hiss it struck him full in the face with its venomous fangs; with a cry of pain the robber reeled back, then his knife flashed in the air and the body of the snake rolled headless to the ground. Heedless of my presence as I sprang from my bed, he picked up the reptile's head, and perceiving that he had been bitten by a cobra, calmly sat down upon the floor to await his fate. Meanwhile the servants, alarmed by my cries, had rushed in, and their first impulse was to secure the robber; of this, however, there was no need, death had set his seal upon the unhappy man, and in less than twelve hours he was a corpse. It was many nights, however, before I could sleep comfortably, and I trust that I may never again be protected from a burglar by so terrible a visitor as an Indian cobra.

HOME LIFE.

A Lesson for the Young.

THE GUEST.

"Be mindful to entertain strangers, for thereby many have entertained angels unawares."

How to receive one.—Just as you would a rare gift. If you have invited the guest, 'tis to be supposed that you long for his society, and value his presence and influence in your family. You cannot be too cordial in your welcome. If he is an *unexpected* guest, it implies an intimacy which should make him equally certain of a cordial welcome.

Make your Guests feel at home with you. This means that if they have occupations of their own, you should leave them in undisturbed possession of their hours. If they have *not*, include them in your own employments and amusements, but do not abandon yours with the idea of entertaining them. A guest is far happier if no work stops for him.

Invite sometimes as Guests those to whom a visit will be a rest or refreshment, affording change of air or scene to the over-worked or weary. A visit to a city home in winter, for persons living in retired country places the year round, is as great a blessing as it is to the tired city resident shut up in brick walls, to have a visit to the country in summer. It is well to have some guests *for your own benefit*, or because it is a satisfaction to do honour to the morally or intellectually distinguished, but it is still better to have those to whom a visit from home is a rare and positive pleasure.

To be a Guest.—Come into a house with cheer, with fresh information, with help, if possible, to all the home circle. (One good lady of slender means, but happy hopeful spirit, made herself the beloved guest in many families, who watched for her coming "as they who watch for the morning." She read aloud, in a wondrous voice, to the tired father of a family the latest

ld happiest news; she took the big ending basket of the over-worked other to her own room, and at odd inutes finished the pile; she made lls and kites for the boys, and taught e girls various fancy work; she never ssipped, but always brought fine conrsation with her, a joy to all. No ne could ever get her to stay long ough.) Be punctual at meals, conder the hours of the family, *consider e servants*, whose daily routine may e much impeded and their tempers ried by your tardiness. And this arm done to servants often reacts ainfully on your hosts. How many ouseholds have been upset by the nconsiderate guest. Yet there are uests whose coming makes almost as yful a day for the servants as for any ther members of the family.

Have your own occupations.—Do not ome to any home with the sole idea of *eing entertained.* This will make you nything rather than "the angel unwares," to your hosts. Be absorbed n your own employments at least some ours of every day. Then when you neet at meal times, or evenings, or in he disengaged hours of the family, you onfer a fresh pleasure each time.

Consider the sacredness of the family. —You are in the holy of holies, where ll restraint is cast aside. 'Tis as bad s *stealing*, to expose the unguarded ehaviour or expressions of a family hose guest you have been, or to make neir habits and peculiarities the ommon property of uninterested ersons.

Recall the various guests of your mily or friends. Recall the hour or ay or week, when some rare guest has pened a new vista of thought or life r you or others, and thank God for ne precious presence.

OLD AGE.

"Speak gently to the aged, grieve not ne toil-worn heart; The sands of life are most run, let such in peace depart."

Old Age is that period, when after a ng life either well or ill-spent, people ease from activity, and are waiting to home.

If the life has been nobly spent, *if* l the *habits* of youth and middle age have been pure, just, kind and industrious, *if* one has been free from too much anxiety and sorrow, then Old Age is the most beautiful time in life, and its presence in a home a priceless blessing. Here should be recalled noble instances of persons in full possession of their benevolent and intellectual powers in age.

But see how many *ifs!* Sometimes the life has been nobly spent, but some failure of physical health, some strain upon weakened nerves, may leave an old person shaken and sorrowful. Or failing powers of *sight* or *hearing* or *memory*, may make time hang heavily.

Put yourself in their place.—Resolve to cast some sunlight on these darkened paths. Treat *all* the Aged with considerate tenderness. Treat the *noble* old people with *reverent* tenderness. Treat those who are *not* noble with *compassionate* tenderness, for consider what sadness must hang over Age, if one has wasted opportunities, and there is no strength to begin anew.

Never be impatient with the loss of memory in old people. Do not try to set them right, when they are wrong. *Throw a veil over all infirmity*, draw off the attention of others. Take no notice. *Study the causes of decrepitude.* It is only the *mechanism* through which the soul reveals itself, not the soul itself which is injured.

Moderate your voices, your tones, your steps, in the presence of the Aged. Like young children they are startled, distressed, or confused, by sudden and boisterous movements. Do not talk too much about taking railway trains, at special hours or moments. There were no railroads when the old were young, and the thought of anyone's missing a train fills them with anxiety. Avoid all subjects of conversation involving a sense of *responsibility.* You may think it absurd that they feel any, but it is just that part of their brains that have been overtaxed, and they cannot help it.

When all positive enjoyment is over for the aged, there is a *reflected* happiness in watching the life, the joys, the enthusiasm of youth. Go to your Grandmother or Grandfather or old friend with your little plans and confi-

dences, incite them to play games with you, such as Logomachy, Euchre, &c., they delight in your including them in such things. They are filled with hope in your company, they look forward to lives that may be better than their own, and feel a property in the experiences of the young.

Ask your elders to tell you their *histories*. You will find incidents of *heroism* or *patience* or *disinterested love* that will make your hearts glow. And records of times differing from the present, calling for other standards and powers, and this knowledge will make you understand them better.—*Unity.*

HOW WE SERVED OUT JENKINS.

Robert Brown, William Jenkins, and myself (Harry Clarke), were three boys—I mean "men"—in a merchant's office. Brown was the senior, being nearly twenty, while William and myself were only seventeen and sixteen respectively. William looked even younger, being in appearance quite a boy, and, indeed, was quite a boy in many of the foolish tricks he played, and the silly scrapes he got into, and it is one of these boyish escapades I purpose relating to-day.

Sir Charles Shaw was going to give a grand juvenile ball at the Castle, and a great many of our friends and acquaintances had already received cards of invitation, and we were for some time in hopes that perhaps we might also be included in the swelling numbers. But no, a fortnight passed, and the day of the ball at last came, and we were still without tickets. Brown looked very glum, but William Jenkins declared he'd go, ticket or no ticket, see if he wouldn't; and when four o'clock came he went off, saying it was time to go home to dress.

Brown and I should have very much liked to have gone to the ball, but we did not dream of going without tickets, and after discussing whether it was possible Jenkins would go, we determined to play him a fine trick if he went.

Well, to make my story short, Jenkins did go to the ball, and whe he came, rather late, the next mornin to the office, he told us how he ha managed. He had waited outside ti he saw a party of young people whor he knew driving up, and then had ru up to the carriage door and politel handed them out, and walked up th castle steps chatting with them, and s passed the hall porter and the teller— who supposed that the carriage part consisted of one more than mentioned and so permitted them to enter withou question.

Jenkins said he was dreadfully frightened when he heard the teller say to the porter, "There is one more than there ought to be," and was immensely reassured when he added, "Never mind, we will not make any fuss about it, but let them pass."

Jenkins, although he pretended to us that he had enjoyed himself very much, yet he afterwards confessed that really he had been in a state of alarm all through the night lest he should be detected. And now I will tell you how Brown and I "served him out."

The day after the ball we—Brown and I—waited at the office till Jenkins had gone home, and then, after many attempts, we at last concocted a letter saying that Mr. Jenkins must present himself at the Castle by nine o'clock the next morning, otherwise proceedings would be taken against him, as Sir Charles had heard that he had surreptitiously obtained entrance to the Castle on the night of the ball. I wrote the letter in a big feigned official hand, and sealed it with a huge mass of red wax, and Brown posted it; and then we agreed that we would both be very punctual at the office the next morning, to see whether Jenkins turned up at nine o'clock or whether he was late, and that if he came very late we would see how he looked, and wait to hear whether he said anything before making game of him for being taken in by our hoax.

Nine o'clock came, but no Jenkins ten o'clock, still no Jenkins; but just on the stroke of eleven in he walked, looking very pale and terribly crestfallen and muttering such fierce threat

ainst someone, that Brown and I cided we would never tell him that *kind friends* had been ourselves.

Punctually at nine o'clock, as com-anded in the letter, Jenkins had pre-nted himself at the Castle, but of urse Sir Charles knew nothing about ch an appointment, and so he was not his magistrate's room until ten, and nkins had indeed had a terrible hour suspense; and when at last he was mitted to see Sir Charles, he stam-ered out the long apology he had pre-red, and pleaded his youth and inex-rience, and said he trusted Sir Charles ould not ruin him by having him sent prison, and finally threw himself on s knees with the letter (*our letter*) in s hand, and begged forgiveness. Sir harles kept his countenance perfectly l the time Jenkins was pouring forth s story, though probably Jenkins was uch too frightened to notice whether e did or did not, and then, when he d finished, Sir Charles told him at his conduct might have ruined him r life, as he had placed a dozen de-ctives in the Castle to prevent any rsons improperly gaining admittance, d that had he been discovered at the me, which was more than probable, e would have exposed himself to the avest suspicion. Sir Charles then ok the letter and read it, and told him at the letter was a mere trick of some his boyish companions, who had, wever, perhaps done him one of the indest acts possible, if in consequence the pain he had that day suffered he ever again ventured to perform an act unworthy of a gentleman as that hich he had just been guilty of, in ntering the Castle surreptitiously as an ninvited guest.

From the day of his "visit" to the astle Jenkins was altogether changed, d I think the shame he had endured, d the kind words Sir Charles had id to him, formed the turning point his life. Indeed, when years after e told me the whole story, sitting at s own hearth, with his wife at his de he said, "Harry, you and Brown ever did an act of more real kindness an when you concocted that letter hich as you say, was 'to serve out nkins.'"

A LONG EXILE.

Who says that the days of romance are ended needs to read the history of a Scottish ploughman, who has returned to his native heath after a long exile. Twenty years ago a farmer in Orkney hired a young man to do farm work. The ploughman touched the fancy of his master's daughter, and the result was that in a runaway fashion, and in opposition to the will of the patriarchal farmer, the two became man and wife. The old gentleman was furious, and turned his back determinedly on his son-in-law. The young ploughman kissed his wife, left her in her father's arms, and sailed for Australia, whence he soon ceased to write. His wife became a mother, and remained in a state of such wretched suspense that her father began to repent of the treatment to which he had subjected her husband. Efforts were then made to trace the whereabouts of the latter by advertising in colonial papers and otherwise, but all to no purpose. He had gone to America.

Years passed. The grandson grew up to manhood, and not liking farm work, bade adieu to Orkney, took ship last year to the United States, and after some knocking about found employment in a mercantile house in Illinois. In the course of business he found that the gentleman at the head of the firm was a native of Scotland—hailing, indeed, from the same district as himself. Occasional meetings led to more minute inquiries as to dates, names of places, persons and the like in the old country, and after being six months in the establishment the youth found—however wonderful it may appear—that he was actually serving as a clerk with no other than his own father. The effect of this discovery on both may be left to the imagination of the reader. Father and son are now in Scotland. The man who went away a penniless ploughboy but returns rich, has been welcomed with much emotion by his venerable father-in-law, who is still hale and hearty, as well as by the wife, whom he left many years ago in her youth and beauty, but who is now a middle-aged matron.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

KINDNESS AND HARSHNESS.—"Remember," said a trading quaker to his son, "in making thy way through the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

LIKE A CHILD.—A little four-year-old startled her mother, after praying for all her friends one night, by adding, "And God please to bless the great big butcher-boy who brings us our meat."

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.—"There are too many women in the world; sixty thousand more women than men in this city," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

ADMONISHED.—The young man had been giving his views about everything to everybody for an unendurable half-hour, when the old man said, with nice courtesy, "I beg your pardon, sir, but if you begin teaching everybody at eighteen, when do you intend to begin learning anything."

SOWING THE SEED.—Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labour. We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

NAPLES MUSEUM.—When General Grant's party were in Naples they went to a dingy old museum which failed to interest them. The guide said, "This is the picture of Mr. So-and-So, who generously gave his museum to Naples." "Well," said General Grant, in an aside tone, "if I had a museum like this, I would give it to Naples or whoever would take it."

POLITENESS IN GREAT MEN.—Politeness is always the mark of good-breeding, and some of the greatest men have been noted for their courtesy. Many years ago, the errand-boy employed by a publishing-house was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-sheets of a book which he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the boy with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked: "Shall I put a paper around them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the President. The boy departed in a very comfortable frame of mind. He had been raised in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and has never forgotten the lesson it taught him.

THACKERAY IS RIGHT.—"The world," says Thackeray, "deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it but it was he, and not it, who was in the wrong."

SUFFERING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.—An English boy who was asked what was meant by "suffering for righteousness' sake," without hesitation declared it to be "Being driv' to Sunday-school in the mornin', and driv' to church arterwards."

NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE.—What a meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl who was tendering testimony against an individual in court not long since: "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that single sentence.

JOHNNY'S ANSWERS.—Visiting minister to hopeful scion: "Well, Johnny, do you know your catechism?" "I dunno, guess." "Let's see. The first question is, 'Who made you?' Now, my brave young man, can you tell?" "My teacher—ah—told me—ah—it was God—ah—but grandma—she say—ah—I'm an ugly little brat—ah—and a child—ah—of the devil—ah—an' grandma knows more 'bout me'n cat'ism does."

THE GOWN TEST.

He sang a song, he sang it well,
His voice was low and tender,
He sang in praise of her he loved,—
A knight, her brave defender.

He vowed by all the gods above,
No braver knight or truer
E'er sought the maiden of his choice,
And prayed to be her wooer.

To test his love she thought it well,
Ere her future life she trusted;
She wore, next night, a horrid gown,—
And he got up and dusted.

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